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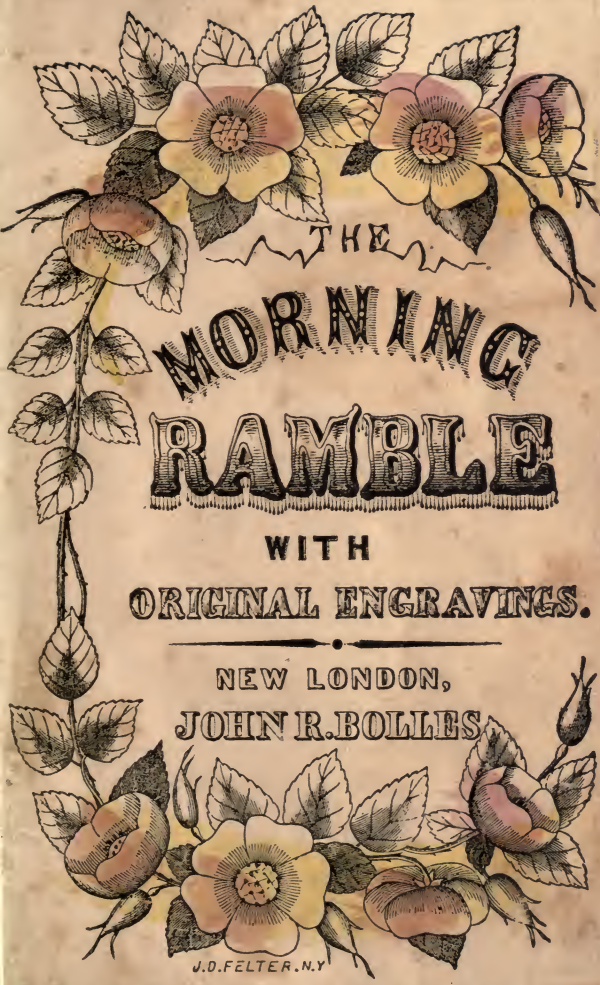

THE MORNING RAMBLE

WITH ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS.

NEW LONDON,
JOHN R. BOLLES.

J.D.FELTER.N.Y

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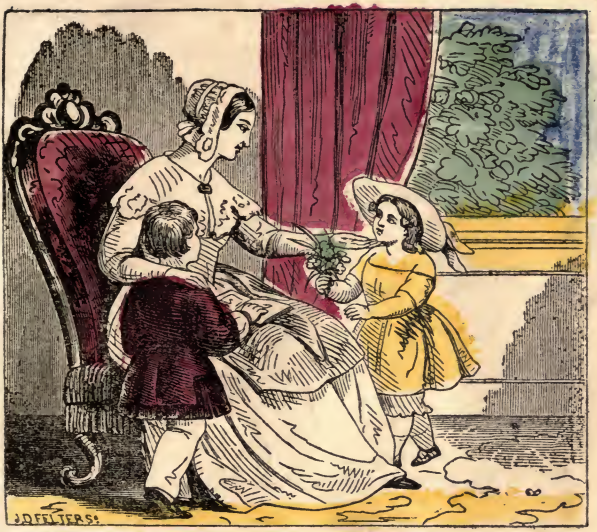


MOTHER.

Come hither dearest Adaline,
  Come hither child to me:
Have you been in the garden playing
  With the humming-bird and bee?

Beside my open window
  I heard your voice of song,
And saw your little bonnet
  'Mid the tall flowers pass along.

Come hither to your mother,
  And rest awhile, and talk
Of the pleasant things that you have seen
  And gathered in your walk.

ADALINE.

Mother, the birds sang sweetly,
On the branches of the trees,
And I smelt the breath of roses
Upon the morning breeze.

And this damask one, so dewy,
Beside the path I found;
It sprang up gaily on the stem,
And smiled at all around.

And this lily of the valley
Grew beside it in the bed;
It rested in its leaf of green,
And bowed its pretty head.

MOTHER.

They are beautiful my daughter;
And if like the rose you smile,
You must be as innocent, and free
From vanity and guile.

And if like the bashful lily
You look upon the earth,
You must have beneath its bashful look
Its sweet and stainless worth.

The lovely flowers are teachers,
If rightly understood,
And give us many a gentle hint
To make us wise and good.

And now my little Frederic
About your ramble tell—
The sunshine and the morning breeze,
Have you enjoyed them well?

Upon the lofty hill-side,
Or in the spangled vale,
Where you drank the splendor of the sun
The freshness of the gale?

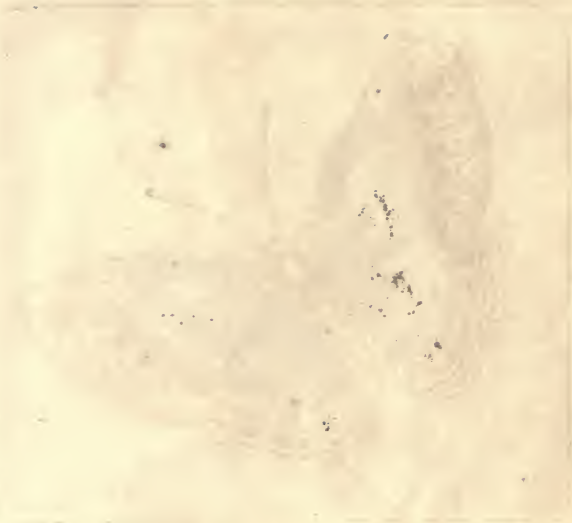
If you ran so fast for pleasure
Through the clover and the dew,
Did you obtain the treasure?
Or has it flown from you?

FREDERIC.

'Twas a butterfly I followed,
All specked with gold and green,
The handsomest and largest
That ever I had seen.

I followed it through the garden,
And I chased it over the hill,
Sometimes I almost touched it,
But it kept before me still.

At length I sprang and caught it,
As it sat on a flower to rest;
And I saw the shining colors
With which its wings were drest.



I was going to bring it home, mother,
For you to see it too,
Such handsome streaks upon it,
All green, and gold, and blue;

But it tried to fly away from me,
And some of the green and gold
Came like dust upon my fingers,
Where I was taking hold.

I did not want to hurt it,
So I let it fly away:
And it went off glad and beautiful
Among the flowers to play.

MOTHER.

And that was right my Frederic—
More pleasant far to me,
That simple act of kindness,
Than the butterfly could be.

Play freely in the garden bowers,
And in the pastures wild,
But let no harmless creature fear
The coming of my child.

Let all things sport in freedom,
As God has made them to—
And from all ensnaring evils
May he deliver you.

Now take your books, my Frederic,
And yours, my Adaline,
And hasten cheerfully to school,
For it is almost nine.

May your lessons all be pleasant,
And see if you can learn
Something you never knew before,
To tell when you return.

Speak words of truth, be gentle
In all you do or say,
And the sweetness of the morning
Will be with you all the day.

CHILD'S SONG.

I love the dandelions,
  And the daisies white,
The sweet honeysuckles,
  And the buttercups bright;
I love all the pretty flowers,
  And the green grass and clover,
And to run about for hours
  The whole field over.

I like the yellow butterflies,
  And those with spotted wings,
The humming-bird, the robin,
  And every bird that sings;
Their flight on the breeze
  Is so graceful and airy,
And their music in the trees
  Is so sweet and so merry.